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BY RUSSELL EATON,
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EZEKIEL HOLMES, Editor.

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Neatly executed at short notice.

MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Ancient Laws for the Encouragement of the Raising of Sheep.

In looking over some of the old acts and resolves of Massachusetts, passed while she was a Province to Great Britain, we found the following, for the promotion of wool growing in said Province. In 1648 the "General Court" passed the following law:

"Whereas, the keeping of sheep tends much to the benefit of the country, and may in a short time make good supply towards the clothing of the inhabitants, if carefully preserved; and forasmuch as all places are not fit and convenient for that end:

It is ordered by this Court, that henceforth it shall be lawful for any man to keep sheep on any common, be it for cows, oxen, or otherwise, belonging to the town where he lives, or where at that time he may have a right of common, and that without limitation, in commons not stinted, and such common that are stinted, it shall be lawful for any inhabitant to use any or all his proportion of common for sheep, to five sheep for one cow, steer or ox; and further it shall be lawful for the Selectmen of every town, from time to time, to make such orders in their respective towns for the clearing of their commons of wood and brush, for keeping of sheep, as also for the fines of putting rams to their flocks, as they shall judge meet."

In 1654 the General Court again took up the subject of wool growing and passed an act, which we give below, prohibiting the transporting of sheep out of the country, and also that no butcher should kill a sheep under two years old, thereby depriving themselves of lamb at their feasts, unless they raised it themselves.

As newspapers were not so plenty in those days as they now are, they also ordered that the law be promulgated by drumming it about the goodly town of Boston. The following is the act:

"Whereas, this country is at this time in great straits as in respect of clothing, and the most likely way tending to our supply in that respect is the raising and keeping of sheep within our jurisdiction, it is therefore ordered and enacted by this Court and the authority thereof, that after the publication hereof no person or persons whatsoever shall transport any ewes or ewe lambs out of this jurisdiction to any foreign port and place, upon the penalty of the forfeiture of £5 for every ewe or ewe lamb so transported; the one-fourth part to the informer, and the other three parts to the country; provided this order shall not hinder the selling of such sheep to any of the other colonies in confederation with us, upon due notice given by our commissioners making a law to this purpose, to restrain transporting of sheep out of their respective jurisdictions.

And it is further ordered by the authority aforesaid, that no ram or wether lamb shall henceforth be killed by any butcher or other person, except by the keepers or masters of sheep for their own particular occasion, until they shall be two years old, upon penalty of twenty shillings a lamb, the one-half to the country, and the other half to the informer, until this court shall take further action therein. This order to be presently published by a drum in the market place at Boston, and posted up in some publick place, which shall be sufficient publication in this case."

Improvement in the Breed of Horses.

The establishment of rail roads has probably done away the necessity of keeping and feeding so many horses as heretofore, and yet there are an immense number still needed, and the increase of population will cause a call for an additional number from time to time. We believe that the demand for this useful animal is as good as ever; that the prices for good horses are as good, or as much as ever; and that the incentive for raising them is as great as ever.

If we are right in this position every farmer who proposes to raise a horse should look carefully to the subject, and employ all the means in his power to rear a fine rate one. Indeed, there is no reason why he should raise any other. In this vicinity the attention to this branch of husbandry has measurably flagged for a number of years. There have been some good studs among us, and some very poor ones. The Messenger breed, which was formerly in so good repute in Kennebec County, is not so prevalent as it used to be, although there are some very good grandsons of the old Messenger yet among us.

Capt. FRANCIS PERLEY, of Winthrop, has one which has some excellent qualities. A horse called the Indian Chief, which has been kept for several years in this vicinity, and which died last year, has left some excellent stock, which, for speed and good constitution stands high in the estimation of good judges. A young stud colt of this breed is owned by Mr. Lewis, of the Hallowell Cross Roads; another belonging to Mr. JAMES BOLTON, of Augusta; and another to Mr. JETHRO GARDNER, of Vassalboro'. There are also some of the descendants of "Sir Charles," an excellent horse kept in Gardner, and owned by Mr. WM. ELWELL, of that town, and still to be found in that vicinity.

Last season Mr. ELEAZER O. HOWE, of Winsor, in this County, purchased and brought into the county, from Vermont, a very excellent horse, called the "Green Mountain Soldier." Mr. Howe furnishes the following authentic pedigree of his horse,

MAINE FARMER.

A Family Paper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c.

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which we give for the benefit of all those who feel interested in such matters.

The sire of the Green Mountain Soldier was the Young Soldier; grand sire, Bold Soldier; great grand sire, Valiant Soldier; great great grand sire, the Old Soldier, which was taken in the British Army when Gen. BURGOYNE surrendered.

The Plow Boy.

This little fellow, formerly conducted by A. RANDALL, of Cincinnati, Ohio, is about to wake up again. He is rubbing his eyes and stretching his limbs preparatory for a start before long. Mr. RANDALL has been commissioned, in conjunction with CHARLES WHITTLESEY, Esq., to make a survey of Hamilton County, in that State. We wish them health to enable them to fulfil their mission, and that the Plow Boy will be forthcoming bright and early.

ORIGINAL.

A Dream—Speech from an Apple Tree.

MR. HOLMES:—I lately had a dream of a somewhat unusual character, the impressions of which have remained so strong on my mind, I have concluded to commit them to writing for the edification of the readers of the Farmer; and as I shall, in relating the dream, have occasion to describe the peculiarities of the circumstances attending it, I shall make no further preface.

Perha, March 1845.

J. H. JENNE.

The Speech.

COSMOPOLITES: You will perceive at once, by the general term I have chosen to address you at the commencement of my discourse, that the reasons I have for so doing must be of somewhat singular character. Indeed, they are; for, in looking around on the audience, and scanning the looks of the various individuals before me, I am unable to detect a single countenance which is familiar to the eye. You are all strangers. And, strange as it may seem, I am equally at a loss to comprehend by what mysterious process in *phantasmagoria* my mortal body has been brought here. Nor have I the least idea, floating in the region of thought, of the locality of the place where I address you. I perceive you speak the English language; of course you can understand me, for in that I must speak. But in what part of our mundane sphere I am, is unknown to me. Indeed, I am not certain whether I am not on one of our sister planets; and, except the identity of language, have not the least clue to gain a satisfactory conclusion. All I realize is, that this is a meeting for discussing agricultural subjects; and so, Cosmopolites, I conclude you have agriculture here; and, from a few remarks which I have overheard from some around me, I conclude your situation resembles what we, in Yankee land, call getting into the frying pan, and the object of the present meeting is to get out without injury.

Well, friends, if I have hit the nail on the head in this conjecture, I am the very person to address you. No person has made more mistakes than I have, in the world where I dwell; and no one has bettered greater zeal to profit by them. Now, if the remarks of an old uncle of mine be true, I have a right to claim the credit of some qualifications for the place I fill. He used to say that the greatest difference between a wise man and a fool consists in this: the former learns something from his experience, and the latter does not. Taking this ground, then, I shall proceed to address you on the subject of your present difficulties. You are in the frying pan, and wish to escape without jumping into the fire. Listen, Cosmopolites, to the instruction of experience, and be wise!

There is a great difference in the natural temperament of persons in the world where I live when at home, as far as regards self-possession, and that cool stability of mind which enables a person to look before he leaps. This precaution ought never to be neglected. It is, however, of little use to give lessons on this point of my subject. If our natural disposition is to leap on the impulse of the moment, cautionary considerations will come too late—we must take our chance in the fire. If we are fortunate enough to escape with life, we may then pause and look ahead.

But, Cosmopolites, the simple fact that you are now deliberating on this subject, tells us at once, that you are not now hissing and broiling in immediate contact with the living embers; but you occupy a favorable position to look around you, and look out a place to leap to. Listen, then, to the voice of experience, and be wise for yourselves.

There seems to be an inquiry necessary in your situation, as to the prospect of being seconded in your attempt by those immediately connected with you. If you are a married man, (for I presume you marry in this world or country,) and your better half is willing to join heart and hand as well as legs in this leap, you have strong ground of hope; but if you are not in this position, I can give you but little encouragement: Providence may favor, and that alone can provide the rescue. Premising then, that you are thus favorably situated, I ask you, Cosmopolites, to listen.

Be prepared, then, to get more kicks than coppers from the mass of idle gazers around you. There may be many, who, from the concurrence of favorable circumstances more than prudent forecast, have, as yet, escaped the dilemma in which you are involved. These will not fail to appear wise at the expense of your feelings. Put on kindness as good soldiers; and let this be your motto: "I will deserve success whether I obtain it or not."

Having taken these resolutions, you may then inquire whether prudence requires an entire change of course or merely some modifications in circumstances. There is one thing you will do well to recollect, (if the same laws govern here that do in my world or country,) that all prospective views of

changes in circumstances show, principally, their brightest sides; whilst those that are past, show, in equally strong hues, their darkest shades. Remember, that being familiar with the peculiar difficulties of your present situation, you are better qualified to avoid the dangers attending them than you possibly be in an unexplored path.

Having decided this question in your mind, be firm and persevering. The scripture saith, "the double minded man is unstable in all his ways"; and the man who is always vacillating in his plans, will not likely to effect permanent good.

But, after all, such is the fluctuating nature of all terrestrial things, that you may find yourself obliged to travel unexplored paths, and make your way through in the best manner you can. Such is the situation of the speaker who now addresses you. Finding himself unexpectedly in the midst of a large collection of intelligent beings, and invited on the spur of the occasion to address them, without the opportunity of asking a single question, and no clue to guide him in selecting the topics of his discourse, except a very few desultory remarks from those around him, he has had to avail himself of the resources just at the time with his reach. From a hasty glance at the place, he saw his audience scattered about under and around a clump of trees, which looked to him like the remains of some old neglected orchard. Here, out of doors, for want of a stage or large rock, he had to choose a position for public speaking. A venerable old deteriorated apple tree, standing just by, offered an eligible position. Shorn of most of its branches on one side, except two stubs on which to place his feet, and one just high enough to lean his left arm upon, leaving his right one at liberty to make such variations of gesture as his subject should prompt him. From this venerable tree, fellow Cosmopolites, he addresses you; will you listen to the suggestions of his long experience?

Cosmopolites, you may learn something from this, if you will; and that something is, to make the best of present circumstances. Wherever your lot may be cast in creation, you are undoubtedly the children of the same great Creator who spake all things into existence. You assume the human form divine. Your eye beam with intelligence, and you have ears to hear instruction, or else you had not invited the speaker. Listen, then, to the lessons of experience.

From the cursory remarks I have heard from those near me, I infer your business in life is agriculture; and you having, by some means or other, been led to believe your present practice is erroneous, are extremely anxious to repair past errors. This must be laudable in any part of Jehovah's empire, whether you are a section of my planets, and co-tenants of the same mundane sphere, or inhabit one of Jupiter's satellites, if this art is that which furnishes your subsistence, your duty is the same.

The speaker also infers, though he has no knowledge of his audience, that they, by some means or other, are less ignorant of him, than he of them; and from this he rather believes them to be inhabitants of the same sphere. And having assumed this, he has equally good reason to believe that whatever mistakes they have made, or whatever the peculiar difficulties of their case may be, the same remedies will be as efficacious in their case as they have been in his case and numerous others.

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The great inquiry, then, in Yankee phrase, is how to get out of the frying pan without getting into the fire. But, Cosmopolites, the art of agriculture embraces an almost boundless field of investigation; you must not, then, on such an occasion, expect anything more than a few very general remarks. The long experience of horticulturists, and the best agriculturists and orchardists, have proved by experience that the finest flowers, the most perfect grain, the most delicious of the orchard fruits, are produced by a process in manufacturing the manure and applying it to the soil, and a course of cultivation which renders it the nearest to that of a virgin soil. Virgin soils for a time produce the most perfect fruits of almost every kind. The inquiry then arises, how does nature manure the soil? The answer is, by returning annually the most of the leaves and fruits, which are the products of vegetation, to the bosom of mother earth. In the primeval forests these moulder by slow decay, being generally protected from the scorching rays of the sun, they decay in such manner that their best properties, as manure, become incorporated with the soil, and produce the best effects on vegetation when the lands are cleared. But how is it when man interrupts this order in nature? The towering forests are swept away, and the earth left almost naked to the effect of solar heat. This heat, though necessary to vegetable life, yet in its practical effects on decomposing vegetable substances, when too much exposed to it, has an injurious effect on their qualities as manure. This effect it is the business of art and industry in man to counteract. It is his duty to manage this matter, when its management is under his control, as to produce the same effects which nature does when left to operate alone in the forest. It is a fixed law of nature that one perfectly formed plant, of whatever kind it be, if decomposed without loss, furnishes adequate material to produce another equally perfect.

And it is a law equally fixed and immutable in nature, that certain properties evolved in the decomposition of vegetables are extremely volatile; and though these are essential to the formation of healthy plants, yet if the farmer has not his eye on this fact, they are wasted, so far as practical benefit to himself is concerned. Thus if vegetable substances are exposed to the bleaching effects of wind, rain and sun, their properties will be dissipated. Thus will this case you see is not only a loss of much of the valuable properties of the vegetable matter, but this loss may be that of some

leaves for pits in forcing houses are no longer necessary, and the properties of heating by hot water pipes; but for hot beds they are much superior to horse dung.

The editor of the Alabama Journal has presented with a novel vegetable of the cabbage kind, raised by E. A. Holt, from seed sent to him from Belgium, by the Hon. H. W. Hilliard. This vegetable is about the size of a small hen's egg, and is a perfect cabbage, firm and white; it is said to be a most delicate dish, and superior to any of the same family of plants. The seeds were sown in May, and transplanted in August as other cabbage plants are, each plant producing from thirty to forty of these beautiful little cabbage heads.

MAMMOTH HOG.—Hiram Durell, of Hebron, N.Y., it is said has gone to Boston with a live hog, which is two and a half years old and weighs 1,545 pounds.

APPLES FOR CHINA.—Charles Wellington, of West Cambridge, Mass., has sold 2500 barrels of winter apples from his orchard the past summer. Of these 500 barrels were packed for the Canton, China, market, each apple being selected, and rolled up in paper, like Sicily oranges.

"Still so gently o'er me stealing," is happily ex-emplified in the marriage of Asa A. Still, to Rebecca Stealing, at Richmond, Ohio.

Fallen Leaves for Manure, Hot Beds, &c.

There is not any manure perhaps that is more desirable for most of the great variety of plants that come under the care of the Horticulturist and Farmer than a fine leaf mould; with some particular classes of plants it is indispensable for their perfect development, and for all, the most natural that can be applied. With a little care and labor every farmer or gardener might greatly increase his compost heap by devoting a few hours of his leisure moments in collecting from the hedges and woodlands the fallen leaves and decaying twigs. They will also answer another important purpose before they can be converted into suitable compost for enriching the land—they form the best material for making hot beds. It is not yet too late to secure them, as any time before the ground is covered with snow will answer, although it would have been better to have attended to it the last month.

In looking over some odd numbers of the Massachusetts Agricultural Repository, vol. 4, page 60, we found some extracts from an English paper, with remarks by the late Hon. John Lowell, which we present to our readers, feeling assured that although written more than 25 years since, they are nevertheless, as good as any thing that can be said upon the subject now.

The communication is as follows: "A correspond-

ent of the Bath Society in England, warmly recom-

mends a species of manure for potatoes, which I

think peculiarly applicable to our country, because easily attainable. It is the employment of mould and fallen leaves taken from the woods. This, the writer observes, has found an excellent substi-

tute for other manure. He found his potatoes raised in this way, much more mealy, and of a finer flavor,

than its excrements, either solid or liquid, the sub-

stances exactly necessary to produce the plants on

which it fed. It is only when all these are reunited

that the congenital substances in the manure are to be found, to produce again those plants on which the animal fed.

Again, how much more is the soil washed on

cleared and cultivated lands, and the particles of

decaying vegetable matter, which in the wilderness

state had accumulated there, and gone to enrich

the soil, are carried away into hollows and swamps.

These, when we find them there, on examination,

give proof that some of those properties which

formed the living plants of which they are produced

are gone. The mud is said to be sour. That is,

some of its original properties are wanting. For a

sweet soil is nothing more nor less than one that

contains in it the necessary elements of a healthy

vegetation.

Now, my friends, if we keep these facts con-

stantly before us, we may learn where our errors

have originated in managing the article of manure.

And I think we shall learn that we have no occa-

sion to buy expensive

[Continued from fourth page.]

"It is true ; assassins are usually more prudent."

"Were I one I might be so. I came to offer you a full explanation." Mr. Burns was silent but cast a look of doubt upon the young Frenchman.

"Nay, sir, you will have no cause to disbelieve my statement. I confess myself to be, if not exactly criminal, yet quite culpable enough to satisfy the malice of my bitterest enemy. As to any participation in the crime of which you were the victim, these certificates will exempt me, since they prove that I was employed on board a frigate in the South Seas at the time the misfortune happened to you." And he laid some official documents before Mr. Burns, who expressed some suspicion at this testimony in favour of him he had supposed to have been an assassin, and he cautiously demanded—

"Whence then, this came? You appeared evidently overcome by my late recital.—Though you did not commit the deed, I fear you were cognizant of it."

"I was aware of it."

"You gave this brooch to my daughter, as a trinket belonging to your family; am I, then, to understand that it was a member of—"

"By no means," interrupted Edward, "my family has always been honorable and honored."

"Unfortunate young man! how, then have you become an accomplice?"

"By inheritance. Listen, sir! I will hide nothing from you." And he at once stated the whole truth to Mr. Burns. When it was concluded, the Englishman pondered; but ere he had time to speak, De Launay rose, and added, "Your four hundred thousand francs are placed in the funds. Here are the vouchers; I have by this act transferred them to your name; and here, sir, is the case, which contains the rest of the property, for which, in an unlucky hour, I have bartered honor, life, and happiness."

"Sir, this extraordinary explanation, this sudden restitution of property, lost, but for you, for ever, had filled me with such conflicting ideas, that I scarcely know whether to reproach you or load you with grateful acknowledgments. I cannot, however, conceal from you, that I think you have committed a great fault."

"Say crime; crime is the word. I was too weak. It is true I strove with the tempter for some time after the death of Cranor; but, alas! the evil spirit, Ambition, was too strong, and I fell a victim to it. I obtained the treasure I sought; but it has been at the expense of peace and repose—for, since the moment I became possessed of it, I have not known a happy hour."

For a moment the miserable young man seemed racked with pain; but after an instant's pause he continued—

"But I will not trouble you farther. I have, perhaps, already said too much. I will now retire; most probably we shall never meet again." He took a pace towards the door, then stopped, and in a voice of humble appeal again addressed the Englishman: "No, sir, you will never see me more; this farewell may be looked upon as the farewell of a dying man. Oh! sir, if I dared to ask it, dared to hope for it—one single word with her before we part for ever. But no; I see you think me unworthy of this happiness. I go," and he was turning to leave, as Fanny suddenly threw open the door and appeared before them.

"What do you here? Begone! return to your room, I insist!"

"Ah, sir; you deny me this last consolation, this fleeting happiness." He turned to Fanny.

"You shed tears. May Heaven bless you! My prayers shall follow you, though I shall never behold you more."

"I have heard all," sobbed Miss Morpeth.

"You then despise me?"

"No, not so!" cried the wretched girl, and, flying to him, she threw herself into his arms. For a moment their mingled sobs could only be heard. Mr. Burns approached to separate them, when Fanny, suddenly disengaging herself, stood erect before him and sternly exclaimed—

"Father, I have sworn to be his."

"Are you distracted?"

"I will keep my vow. I am his for ever."

"Sir, as you value your life, give up my daughter," and he approached De Launay.

"Stay!" suddenly cried Fanny, her feelings wrought up to a point of excitement almost beyond endurance, and suddenly throwing herself on her knees between them, she burst into tears.

"Stay, father. I have been your child, your affectionate child. I have venerated you; but from this moment Edward is my husband. Cast him off, if you will; I will follow him; I will share his exile, and endeavor to console him for your unkindness. In misery, in illness, in poverty, I am his for ever. Renounce me, if you will; nothing shall change my purpose;" and she sprang up, and encircled De Launay with her arms.

Frantic almost to madness, her father rushed towards her, and attempted to tear her away; then turning to the young Frenchman, he raised his hand as if about to strike him.

"Stay, sir; I can permit no violence. Fear not that I am about to rob you of this angel. No, sir; you ought to have known me better. Remove your daughter quietly, but quickly. Cannot you see I am dying?"

The lovely girl uttered a piercing cry, and clung still closer to him. He looked up—he smiled—he attempted to draw her closer to his breast as his head fell on her marble shoulder.

De Launay was no more!

The N. Y. Evening Gazette states that when the anti-renters in Delaware had pursued officers Steele and Parker to an inn on the hills near Fish Lake, and surrounded the house to take them, after passing a resolution, in formal meeting, to execute them on the spot, Mrs. Hunting, the spirited and handsome wife of the inn-keeper, seized a large carving knife from the larder, rushed up to the attic, whither the intended victim had retired, planted herself on the narrow stairway, and swore that no "Indian" should pass up, except over her corpse, and then, as we are informed by advices direct from this scene, there, thus armed, and thus determined, stood this heroic woman for six hours, braving the whole force of the Indian miscreants. The expected succor at last came from Delhi. The anti-renters retired, and Mrs. Hunting was relieved from the post she had so nobly maintained.

On Saturday last, we gave a brief account of the burning of a portion of the dwelling of Mr. George P. Fisher, of Dover, (Del.), and of the heroic conduct of his sister, in saving his two children. A private letter informs us that the two children have since died of the injuries they received, and that Miss Richards is dangerously injured.

More terrible than all, our informant tells us the fire was the work of a little white girl, employed to take charge of the children. She has since made a full confession, and it appears that she placed a lighted candle under the bed, went out, shut the door, and left the children to their fate.—[U. S. Gazette.]

Maine Farmer.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1845.

The Portland and Montreal Railroad.

Mr. HOLMES: The subject of railroads is one which is beginning to excite our people to action. This argues well for the success of all the great interests of our State. Situate at the extreme North of the Union, having an immensity of sea-coast, and possessing resources, when they shall be more fully developed, inferior to no country in the world, it is a matter for rejoicing that the people of our State are beginning to feel their strength. As our State is situated in the immediate neighborhood of the British Provinces, it is easy enough to see that this circumstance will, at no distant day, afford great commercial advantages.

Some, indeed, have supposed that railroads will prove a curse, instead of a blessing, and that their extension will prove ruinous to the farmers of the North by reducing the price of products. But the climate and soil of Maine is well calculated for the production of certain commodities which will always take high preference, and command good prices in the great markets.

The proposed railroad from the Atlantic to Montreal, has been a subject of much excitement, occasioned by different interests. The people of Boston, it would seem, were very desirous that the termination of the proposed route should be at their city. Nor are the people of Boston to be particularly blamed for this. The course which they have taken to enlarge the prosperity of their city, is honorable.

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Editorial Scribbings.

BY "SHEEPSFOOT."

"Down East" Carriage Making, &c.

It has become proverbial that the "Down Easters," alias "Live Yankees," are capable of making almost any thing "under the sun" that mortal man ever dreamt of, even from wooden nutmegs and wooden clocks up to gallant ships and mammoth chapels. This is true. But there is another sentiment that is too often associated with this fact, and believed by many who never ventured "away Down East" among the bears and "green urs," which is not true. It is this: that our ingenious inhabitants can "whittle out" manufacture almost any thing, but cannot do it in a finished style—cannot give it the "finishing touch"—or, in other words, cannot come up to the "western" or city standard of workmanship and elegance. Let him of the west or the city who thinks thus, just drop down to the goodly capital of Maine, and, for instance, step into the carriage Manufactory of our goadhead brother mechanic, Mr. BENJAMIN F. MORSE. Well, sir, seeing that you have taken the trouble to visit us, if you please, we'll walk down to friend Morse's with you, and escort your honor around the premises. Let us enter the wood shop first. Here are eight industrious, ingenious, honest souls, hard at work. Here is the wood work of a nine passenger stage coach, but which will accommodate twelve to fifteen, nearly completed; here is the same of a phaeton; here is the same of a buggy wagon, and here is the same of numerous other horse-power vehicles. Let us examine the workmanship of these, for, as they are not painted, &c., we have a good chance to see whether they are put together properly and in a finished manner, or not. What think you of the body of this coach? Are not all its joints well joined, and that too without the aid of putty? Like the human frame, it is firm, and has no waste timber. Can you ask for any thing better or neater? Look at these wheels (the workmanship of the "Napoleon" of wheel-makers,) and the rest of the carriage part, and tell me if they are not as neat, right as one could wish? Well, here are some of these different vehicles here, both for pleasure use and rough service, are made equally as well and neat. Beneath this floor we now stand on another room, but which we will not enter, where the principal part of the sawing is done by machinery, which is propelled by horse power, and is a great labor and time saving invention.

The most eligible, and indeed the most direct route should be selected for this railroad, always seeking to promote the great and general interests of the whole State, as far as practicable; or in other words, the greatest amount of good to the greatest number possible, is a subject which should kept in view.

One route proposed, is to start from Portland and proceed to Lewiston, on the Androscoggin river. Here it is well known there is an immense water-power.

Thence following along the valley of the Androscoggin to Canton, through Peru to Martin's Ferry, in the easterly part of Rumford. In the easterly part of Rumford are the "Great Falls," about one mile below Martin's ferry.

It may be supposed by some that these falls may form an insuperable barrier to a rail road track; but a few glances of the eye, in passing from Peru to Martin's ferry, will convince the observer that the difficulty, if difficult, it can be called, is next to nothing at all, and that the route is very direct.

The Great Falls, in Rumford, deserve some notice. Here is a water power superior to Lowell, and if we can invite capital, skill, and enterprise, to take their abode here, we may one day expect results which will astonish and delight us. Thence proceeding from Martin's ferry along the Androscoggin to Rumford Centre, three miles or a little more, crossing the said river, perhaps a mile or more below Rumford Centre, and thence in a direct course to the bank of Ellis river.

The route from Martin's ferry to this river is very eligible in every point of view. The easterly bank of the Ellis river, it is said, is by far, better calculated for the construction of a railroad, than the opposite bank.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I have given a hasty account of some parts of a route from Portland, and as far as the bank of the Ellis river. If there is any other route more eligible, or which will accomplish more or greater good purposes, it should be adopted.

I believe that this route will best suit the interests of the great towns upon the Kennebec, as by the construction of a branch railroad to Lewiston, their wishes will be met. Hope that branch railroads may be numerous.

I close in haste. J. E. ROLFE.

Rumford, March, 1845.

FLORA OF MAINE. We have received specimen sheets of a new work, descriptive of the Botanical characters of the plants of Maine, purposed to be published by Mr. A. Young, of Bangor, in this State. Mr. Y. has zealously prepared himself for this undertaking, and the plan of the work, as exhibited in his specimens, is well calculated to make the work interesting to the young Botanist. He has very modestly entitled the work "Plants of Bangor," but as he proposes to give descriptions of all the plants known to be indigenous in the State, it is believed that this route will best suit the interests of the great towns upon the Kennebec, as by the construction of a branch railroad to Lewiston, their wishes will be met. Hope that branch railroads may be numerous.

Music Grinders. No less than eleven thousand Italian boys, with hand organs, are in and about the cities and towns of England, grinding music for the "good of the public," and it is thought that they receive, in one way or another, £20,000 annually, or very nearly \$100,000. That's pretty good toll.

Montreal is coming. The bill for the construction of a railroad from Montreal to Portland, passed the Canadian House of Assembly, with only three dissenting votes. Think of that, Boston.

Pretty Oily. They say that there were brought into the town of New Bedford, during last month, sixteen thousand and forty-nine barrels of sperm oil; fifty-two thousand seven hundred and thirty-six barrels of whale oil; and in addition to this, eighty-four thousand nine hundred and seventeen pounds of whalebone. "Ain't" they a set of bony, oily fellows?

dom hear of a serious accident resulting from it. And this seems the more strange from the fact that lads near our villages, generally select hills on the public roads, where teams of all sorts are frequently passing; and many even run the hazard of sliding down the hills that lead into our business streets, where, during the busy winter days, sleighs and teams are passing every moment. This is extremely hazardous, as we know from experience, and after great care to our entire satisfaction.

The ROVER. This popular weekly magazine of tales, poetry and romance, has undergone a change in its editorial department. SEBRA SMITH, Esq. alias Major JACK DOUGLASS, has vacated the chair editorial, and it is now filled by two talented, "Live Yankee," "Down East," Maine boys—or, rather, men—LAURENCE LABREE and ARTHUR MORRELL, under whose charge it now prosters. Arthur has favored us with several poetic articles, and we have also copied many others of his from the Rover. He is one of the best humorous poets in the country. From a certain article we once read in the New York Mercury, we were led to believe him to be the author of the machine poetry, over which so many have shone their sides with laughter, which has appeared in that print from time to time. Mr. M. resided in this place a few years since. Mr. LABREE is also a poet of much promise, and occasionally jogs his quill at story telling. We learn that he formerly resided in Bloomfield.—S. B. DEAN & CO. still publish the Rover, at No. 162 Nassau street, New York. Price, \$2.00 per annum, in advance.

"NEW ENGLAND MECHANIC: Devoted to the Social Interests of the Producing Classes."

We have received a few numbers of the above named paper, which is "under the patronage of the Boston Mechanics' Association," and published by P. L. & H. S. COX, at No. 82 Washington street—LEONARD COX, Jr., Editor. It is a neatly printed and worthy sheet, of eight quarto pages, and is issued weekly at \$1.50 per annum, in advance. It is offered by restricting the 28 gallons to domestic manufacture, and providing in relation to imported liquors, that a smaller quantity than is allowed to be imported by the laws of the United States shall not be sold, &c. The other amendment, relating to the perfection of the details, were severally adopted.

The question then recurred on the adoption of the amendment of Mr. Doane, as thus amended.

Mr. Chick moved an amendment, prohibiting the sale or giving away of liquor in any place whatever, which was adopted.

Mr. Farrow moved a reconsideration of the vote on this amendment, which the Chair decided to be out of order.

Mr. Littlefield moved to amend, so as to prohibit drinking in a less quantity than 28 gallons.

Mr. Prentiss moved to amend so as to make it imperative on the licensing board to appoint a person or persons, &c., to sell liquor for medicinal and mechanical purposes. Lost.

Mr. Howe offered an amendment, by way of substitute, which provides, in brief, that the licensing board of each town and city shall license one or more persons to retail liquor for medicine, &c., under specified restrictions, &c. Mr. H. explained his amendment.

Mr

Foreign News.

Arrival of the Cambria.

The splendid new steamship Cambria, Capt. Judkins, was telegraphed at 9 o'clock on Tuesday morning, 20 miles out. She arrived up at 10 o'clock, having made the voyage in 13 1/2 days from Liverpool, bringing the news of her own arrival out. We are indebted to Redding & Co. for copious files of London and Liverpool papers. The Cambria brought 54 passengers to Halifax, landed 13 and took in 16, making 67 to this city. She brings intelligence 28 days later than our last adv. [Olive Branch.]

The Cambria arrived out on the 13th, in 12 days from Boston.

Mr. Everett, the American Minister, gave a sumptuous dinner at his residence in Grosvenor square, on the 1st ult.

It is rumored that the Queen and Prince Albert will, during the summer, pay a visit with great state to Louis Philippe at the Tuilleries.

It is with extreme regret, says Wilmer & Smith's European Times of the 4th, that we have to announce the death of Rev. Sydney Smith, the well-known and accomplished Canon of St. Paul's. He died on the 22d ult. after an illness of several months.

Not a word of intelligence of the missing packet ships. The Royal Family have been at Brighton, and paid a flying visit to the Duke of Norfolk—Ireland and O'Connell were quiet. From Lisbon the accounts are to the 18th ult. The Queen had given birth to a princess. Her Majesty and the Infanta of Portugal were doing well. Three days of rejoicing were decreed to celebrate the event.

The abolition of the import duty on cotton is the most important item of information, it having been a weight on the productive power of the country, especially when manufacturers were taxed ten and twelve per cent, more than their American competitors. The abolition of this duty, says the Times, will hardly be less popular in America, for which we derive nearly all our supply, for what little extraneous competition the manufacturer of the Northern States may obtain will be more than counterbalanced by the advantages accruing to the Southern planter.

The business transactions of the last fortnight are favorable for the extension of trade, foreign and domestic. The cotton market in Liverpool is buoyant, and every one prognosticates the happiest results from the abolition of the import duty on the raw material. The sales on Saturday were 11,500 bags, yesterday 12,000, and this large demand has advanced the price of some descriptions about an eighth, but the improvement is not general. The remission of the duty will take place when the bill passes.

The American Provision market is dull. Cheese in steady demand. No butter in market.

The speculation in railway shares continues with some little abatement. Most of the new undertakings are looked upon coldly, but the more favored lines are improving in price.

A good deal of business has been doing of late in French railways. In short, so plenty is money for speculative purposes, that any feasible project, notwithstanding the large abstractions for railway investments, is greedily nibbled at.

The Bank of England, it is said, is about to reduce the rate of discount at their various branch banks. During the past month the bullion in the bank has increased from £14,787,827 to £15,453,303, an increase of £605,476. In the same period the circulation has decreased £249,476. The funds exhibit a quiet and steady appearance. The state of the Exchanges between the United States and England, which continue greatly in our favor, and produce heavy imports of bullion, are beginning to excite apprehension in commercial circles.

Egypt.—The latest advices from Alexandria are to the 8th of February. The Pasha was at Faïoum, and his son Ibrahim in Lower Egypt, where he is particularly engaged in constructing and cleaning canals for the purpose of irrigation.

Mr. Galloway, the engineer, left for Suez on the 30th of January, by order of the Pasha, for the purpose of surveying and examining the line of route proposed for the railway, in order to have all necessary estimates and calculations ready to lay before his Highness on his return from Faïoum.

Circassia.—The Gazette of Silesia announces that the Russian government is making immense preparations for the spring campaign in the Caucasus, and that Count de Nesselrode has obtained from the English government the most positive assurances that all possible means shall be taken to prevent assistance being received by the rebels (as the Circassians are called, though they never paid, and never owed allegiance to Russia) from England. More shame for the English government, if this be true. The apathy shown toward these gallant mountaineers, in their struggle with their ruthless assailant, is a blot on the free nations of Europe, only surpassed in ignominy by the abandonment of unhappy Poland.—[Times.]

China.—A letter from Macao, published in the Handelblad gives an account of the overflowing of rivers in the north of China, before which the European inundations that we have recorded during the last few years, shrink into relative insignificance.

On the shores of the Yellow Sea the phenomenon took the character of a second deluge. Whole provinces, with populations respectively larger than some of the second class kingdoms of Europe, were almost entirely submerged. The retreat of the waters left corpos in thousands. Touching episodes are given as pictures of this awful calamity. On the river Yangtze were found large floating caskets, which, when examined, were discovered to contain the bodies of young children, whose mothers, when all hope for themselves was gone, had committed them to these floating arks, as a last slender chance of salvation. Upwards of seven million of human beings, escaped from the inundations, have poured themselves over the adjacent provinces, beggarized of all things, and crying for bread.

The accounts from India are replete with military movements, but furnish nothing of much interest. A letter from Aden, Jan. 27, says—

PROTEST OF GENERAL ALMONTÉ.—The Mexican Minister, Almonte, arrived in New York on the 23d inst. and expresses openly his belief that war between Mexico and this country must ensue. The Evening Gazette publishes the following abstract of the protest made by Gen. Almonte to the Department of State:—

The undersigned has the honor to address himself to the Hon. Secretary of State, in order to manifest the deep concern with which he has seen that the President of the United States has given his signature to a law admitting into this confederacy the Mexican province of Texas.

He had flattered himself that the sound counsels of the most distinguished citizens, &c., would have led to a better result. Unhappily it has not been so, and against his hopes and sincere views, he sees consummated on the part of this government, an act of aggression the most unjust that modern history records—the spoliation of a friendly nation of a considerable part of its territory.

For these reasons, in obedience to his instructions, he must protest, and does protest, in the most solemn manner, in the name of his Government, against the law, &c. He protests also that the act in a measure invalidates the rights of Mexico to recover her province, of which she is so unjustly dispossessed, and that she will maintain and give effect to those rights by all the means within her power.

He also begs that the Secretary will let the President know that in view of all these facts, his mission near this government terminates from to-day. He consequently begs that the Hon. Secretary will forward to him his passports to leave this city as soon as possible for New York.

He avails himself of this occasion, &c.

The U. S. Senate adjourned, sine die, on Thursday last, having acted on all the nominations presented by the President.

Death of Senator Bates.

The evening mail of the 18th, from Washington, brought the melancholy intelligence of the death of Mr. Bates, who expired on Sunday evening at 6 o'clock, after a painful illness of several weeks. His family were with him. His remains will be brought to Northampton for interment. On Monday Mr. Webster announced his death to the Senate, and delivered an impressive and beautiful Eulogy, which closed as follows:

"When the news of his death shall reach the benevolent village in which he lived, it will be a day of general grief. I see many an aged and venerable form, leaning tremulously on his staff and shedding copious tears at the sad intelligence. I see the middle aged pause in their pursuits, to regret the death of a neighbor, an adviser, a friend.

I see the youth of both sexes lamenting that the mansion, always open to their innocent associates, always made instructive by the conversations and kindnesses of its head, now closed against its accustomed visitors, by the stroke of death. And I hear the solemn tones with which announce to afflicted families and their neighborhood, met in the house of God, to pay respect to his memory, and suppose the consolation of religion.

Mr. President, I have spoken of my deceased colleague in his professional and public character, and in his social and domestic relations. But Mr. Bates was conscious of a relation higher than all these. He felt deeply and reverently, that there was a Supreme Author of his being and of all beings and that he had a connection with a world to come.

He was a believer in Christianity and devotedly thankful for the revelation of the New Testament. He united himself to a church in the town in which he lived, and continued a member to his death.

There is reason to hope that his last hours were cheered by the light of Christian hope. He uttered no repining, and expressed his willingness to depart, if such were the will of his Maker. Not that he did not desire life, for he enjoyed life and had much to live for. Domestic love, general respect, public honor and a consciousness of usefulness—all these inspired to him life happy. Nor was it that he had given birth to a princess. Her Majesty and the Infanta of Portugal were doing well. Three days of rejoicing were decreed to celebrate the event.

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STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION,

For a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

About to engage in the various avocations to which the period of returning spring recalls us, it becomes devoutly to acknowledge our dependence upon God, and humbly to invoke upon the enterprises and labors of the season His blessing.

In designating a day at the opening of the year for this solemn and public recognition of our religious obligations, we follow a practice espoused by precept, and hallowed by example.

In compliance with this venerable custom, and with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, I have appointed THURSDAY THE 5TH DAY OF APRIL next, as a day of Public Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer.

The above is now bound for the untroubled sea, in the various industries which he manifested in the various ports of the country, in which he was cut down in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, and his family and relations and friends, are left to lament the departure and bereavement.

His views and practice in Agriculture, and Horticulture, were based upon a knowledge of the laws of Nature, obtained by close and careful scrutiny and observation. He has been cut down in the prime of life, in the midst of his usefulness, and his family and relations and friends, are left to lament the departure and bereavement.

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The Muse.

Hallowed be thy Name.

BY MISS ELIZA COOK.

List to the dreamy tone that dwells,
In riping wave or sighing tree;
Go hearken to the old church bells,
The whistling birds, the buzzing bee,
Interpreting and we will find,
"The power and glory" they proclaim;
The cinder, the creatures, waters, wind,
All publish "Hallowed be thy name."

The pilgrim journeys till he bleeds*,
To gain the altar of his sins;
The hermit pores above his beads;
With zeal that never wanes or tires;
But holier rite, or longest prayer,
That soul can yield or wisdom frame,
What better import can it bear,
Than Father! "Hallowed be thy name."

The savage kneeling to the sun,
To give his thanks or ask a boon;
The raptures of the idiot one,
Who laughs to see the clear round moon;
The saint well taught in the lore,
The sinner lost at his dame—
All worship, wonder and awe;
All end to "Hallowed be thy name."

What's e'er may be man's faith or creed,
Those prove absurd, if not still;
We trust them on the blossoming hill;
We hear them in the flowing rill;
One chorus hails the Great Supreme,
Each varied breathing tells the same,
The strain may differ—but the theme,
Is Father! "Hallowed be thy name."

The Story Teller.

The Tempted.

The rain fell heavily, against the windowpanes; the night was not only dark and gloomy, but a thick, black vapor seemed actually to penetrate into the interior of the mansion, the inhabitants of which were now locked in profound slumber. Not a single light appeared throughout the whole city of Brest, save in the windows of a large, square, dismal-looking building which stood on the left bank of the port. This edifice is the Bagne, or fatal prison, in which the captives, doomed to perpetual labor, are left to waste their useless sighs, or vent their idle execrations.

In an upper room of that portion of the establishment, used as an hospital, a young man, in the undress uniform of a surgeon in the French navy, sat reading. He seemed so absorbed in his studies that he took no notice of the patterning rain, or the fast decay of the lamp, which dimly lighted the book before him. On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True; true; the poor do but live, they do but exist, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded, into a noiseone grave.—Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment.—Cursed is the lot of him unblessed by fortune!" On a sudden he started up, and carrying on the thread of the argument he had apparently been following, he exclaimed aloud, "True; true; the poor do but live, they do but exist, drag on a few miserable years, and then sink unheeded, into a noiseone grave.—Riches alone can bring pleasure, and make each hour we live an age of enjoyment.—Cursed is the lot of him unblessed by fortune!"

His task was, however, soon broken in upon by the entrance of one of the infirmary men, who came to inform him that "number seven had just breathed his last." Without the slightest emotion, save a shade of annoyance, which stole over his countenance at this interruption, the young surgeon rose, and approached the double rows of iron beds, each bearing the number of its tenant; for in the infirmary of the Bagne no prisoner bears a name. A single cipher stands for the appellative the convict has disgraced.

De Launay stopped when he came to "number seven." He drew down the sheet, which had been thrown over the face of the corpse, and gazed at it with deep interest. He placed his hand upon the head, and contemplated the form before him for some instants, then, as if struck with a sudden desire to ascertain some anatomical point he ordered the body to be instantly carried into the dissecting hall. The wretched remains were those of one whose phrenological developments might have proved a study of deep interest. Condemned to hard labor for life, for robbery, and attempt to murder, Pierrot Cranon had now been an inmate of the prison for upwards of ten years—ten years of continual study how to escape.—No less than sixty times had the unhappy man endeavored to get away, and sixty times had he been detected and punished. For several months previous to his last illness had Cranon been bound to labor by chains weighing some thirty pounds; every vigilance had been exercised by his guards to prevent the possibility of his flight, and yet the idea of escape haunted his imagination, and became a never-dying, never-yielding, monomania. The pain, however, of his increased fetters, at length brought on a sudden despair. His strict confinement within the walls undermined his health, and wore out the last remnant of his miserable days. He pined; he sickened; and, withering, sank.

The attendants re-entered with a bier, on which they placed the body, and carried it, as desired into the dissecting room. The anatomical hall of the Bagne, but rarely used, was still more horrible in its appearance than such places usually are. Strewn about lay several human limbs, thrown carelessly aside, half eaten by the rats. Several shreds of human flesh, already putrid, clung to the large marble table used for dissecting, while the foot occasionally slipped as it glided through some filthy pool of half-coagulated blood. Near an open window hung a skeleton, which had already lost some of its parts, and which moved up and down creaking and almost cracking as the breeze swung it about.

Although accustomed to such scenes, De Launay felt a chill steal through his frame, a nervous sensation, hitherto unknown to him, but now brought on by the dreary damp of the horrid amphitheatre, whose terror seemed to dance in grim array, as the flaming light kept waving in the breeze. The young surgeon quickly produced his instruments, and approached the corpse. The dreadfully attenuated frame, the lacerated ankles, where the iron had actually eaten into the flesh, all lay displayed before him, and he paused for a moment. De Launay, seizing his dissecting-knife, was about to plunge it into the body, when a slight movement of the arm made him start back; in another instant, Cranon opened his eyes, and slowly raising himself, peered anxiously around. The young surgeon stood aghast; prodding by this, the prisoner quietly but quickly started up, and rushed towards the window. In a moment De Launay saw the arifice, he darted on the unfortunate wretch, and attempted to throw him down. The love of life, the hopes of liberty for a moment lent

their whole force to the miserable captive. A deadly struggle took place, in which youth and vigor gained the mastery, and Cranon lay at the mercy of De Launay, who placed his knee upon his chest.

"Your attempts are useless; you are in my power. A single call will ring the guard—Say, then, what means this fresh, this mad attempt at escape?"

"For the love of God, let me go! Surely my escape cannot hurt you, and the Almighty will reward you for the good deed. Nay, do not spurn the prayers of a miserable old man."

"What! think you that I will connive at such a thing?"

"Just Providence! think what I've suffered! ten long years of misery, and now two months of cherished hope thus crushed in a moment. I, who for three days refused all food, in order to become ill, and be admitted into the infirmary; I, who counterfeited death so well that even you were deceived. But no, no; you will not detain me. Good Monsieur de Launay, you have a heart. Oh, give me, then, my freedom."

"Why are you so desirous of obtaining it?"

"Why? Ah, you never have been a prisoner, a prisoner for life, or you would never ask why I desire liberty."

"But how would you gain a livelihood? You are too old and too weak to work. You would starve."

The captive smiled, an almost disdainful sneer of triumph curled his lip, as he replied, "I am richer than yourself."

"You?"

"Most true."

"You are indeed, then most fortunate."

This was said with a degree of bitter irony, while it conveyed a doubt of the truth of the assertion, told plainly how highly the young surgeon estimated the gifts of fortune.

"Would you also be rich? I have enough for us both."

"Do you take me for a fool, that you thus endeavor to deceive me?"

"I tell you I can make your fortune."

"Some robbery, in which you would have me join?"

"No, not so; assist my flight, and I will place the money in your hands. I will give you half of all I have got."

"Silence; keep your falsehoods for those who are credulous enough to believe them, and come instantly back to the guard house;" and De Launay attempted to look careless, although his ears had drunk in each syllable that the prisoner had uttered.

"Will you not believe me?" despairingly asked the captive. "On my soul I lie not—How can I prove the truth of my assertion?"

"Show me your treasure."

"I have it not here. You know well I cannot have it in my possession. Let me go, and I swear you shall have your share of it."

"Thank you! thank you for nothing! I will instantly sign the receipt in full. So up, and in again—up!"—and he shook the wretched man.

Cranon groaned heavily. He pondered for a moment, and then suddenly exclaimed, in a tone which left no doubt on the mind of the young surgeon that he was speaking the truth, "Listen to me; so help me Providence, I possess the money I speak of. It is no fancy, no well invented lie; I have a fortune, enough to make us both rich. Now, say, if I can prove this to be a fact, and will consent to give you half, will you allow me to escape?"

"Show me your treasure."

"Not so, till you promise."

"Well, I suppose I may do so safely."

"Swear that you will."

"I swear."

"Well, then, on the beach of St. Michaels, just behind the rock of Irgias, in a pit six feet, ten years ago I hid an iron case, containing four hundred thousand francs in bank notes."

De Launay started. "Where did you get that sum?"

"From a traveler we assassinated near the spot."

"Wretch!"

"Four hundred thousand francs," repeated the convict, with a voice of triumph, "is enough, I hope, for two—enough to make us both happy. Say, will you have half?"

The young surgeon paused, then added in a tone of doubt, "The tale seems scarcely credible. You have been a prisoner here for upwards of ten years."

"Right, it is fully that time since Martin and I, being closely pursued, buried the treasure in the spot I told you of. The very day after we were seized at Pleslin, and brought here. Martin died within these walls last year, and left me the sole possessor of this important secret."

Notwithstanding all his endeavors to appear indifferent, De Launay had listened with deep attention to Cranon's recital. When he had ceased to speak, the young man remained perfectly silent for some time, seeming to balance in his own mind the probability of the story he had just heard. Casting his eyes up for a single moment he found those of the prisoner fixed on him. He blushed, and starting from his reverie, said, with an air of forced levity, which his former attention but too fully betrayed.

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which children laugh at now. Try and get up a better, a more probable one."

The convict shuddered. "You do not believe me?"

"I believe you to be a clever rogue, who perhaps succeed in deceiving one less wary than myself."

Cranon threw himself on his knees, "Monseigneur de Launay, for the love of God, believe me! I speak the truth, I can instantly find the spot, if you will only let me go and search for it."

"I will save you that trouble."

"Nay, then, I will give you two thirds, two full thirds."

"Enough."

"Nay, I will also add the jewels, the trinkets, for there are also valuable jewels in the case."

"Silence, I have listened too long, get up, sir."

Cranon uttered a wild scream of despair, and threw himself on the floor again. The convict now rolled himself over in agonizing misery; he groaned in mental torture. De Launay seemed perplexed, an inward struggle began to spring up and shake his purpose. On the one hand, his violent desire for riches made him almost hope the tale he had just heard was true, and in this case he would not hesitate to

accept the prisoner's proposals: on the other hand, he feared he might be duped, and become a laughing stock, despised, disgraced, for thus conniving at the escape of a convict. This last conviction overcame his every other feeling. He started up, and attempted, but without success, to drag Cranon towards the entrance. Foiled in this, he darted through the door, which he double locked upon the prisoner, and, rushing to the guard-house, obtained the assistance of a file of soldiers.

As he was unlocking the door, in company with the assistants he had brought, a sudden shot was fired; at the same moment a man, stripped perfectly naked, covered with blood, bounded past him. It was Cranon, who during his momentary absence had jumped out of the window, and been wounded by the sentinel on duty.

The unhappy man staggered a few paces, reeled, and fell a corpse into the arms of De Launay.

Badenwiller, an inconsiderable watering place in the neighborhood of the Black Forest, is one of the most picturesque spots on the continent of Europe. Nature seems here to have taken a strange delight in amassing her richest charms and concentrating here every beauty within a single valley. As its name indicates, Badenwiller boasts of mineral baths, famed from the earliest ages.

The bathers who lodged at the "Ville de Carlsruhe," the best hotel in the place, were assembled beneath a little grove of acacias planted in the garden of the inn. Madame Perschhof, with her only unmarried daughter, had just joined the group, from which the young bachelors shrank with terror at the approach of this husband-hunting dame, who having managed to procure partners for her three elder damsels elsewhere, had come hither for the purpose of entrapping another son-in-law. After a short salutation to the company the match-making parent sat down, and having made her spinster child take a place next to her,—for caution is always commendable in prudent matrons at strange watering places,—the conversation which had been interrupted for a moment by her arrival, again resummed.

"I must confess," said a fat old lady, who occasionally occupied three chairs, "I must confess that the conduct of this Miss Morpeth is most strange. I cannot make out her coming here with a sort of governess, travelling about unprotected in a strange country."

"Oh, that is nothing," interrupted a pseudo-blue-stocking lady. "I know the customs of these islanders well; for my husband subscribes to the British reading room at Frankfort; and I can assure you that English young ladies always travel alone, or with their lovers."

"How very immoral!" exclaimed Madame Perschhof.

"And this Englishman, this Mr. Burns, who follows the young lady about to every place she visits? It is all very well to call him an old friend of the family; but I know better than that. I've watched his attentions, and I am sure he is a lover."

"But he is old enough to be her father."

"So much the more likely to be a gallant.—She is just the girl an elderly man would admire. I will be bound to say Mr. Burns is rich."

"How very horrible!" cried Madame Perschhof. "I am but a poor lone widow; but if I had a child like Miss Morpeth—"

"Yes, but you don't understand the character of these English," again chimed in the blue-stocking. "England is a free country; they have their 'habesac' corpus,' and their hustings, which decidedly affect their manners."

"That is all very possible, though I don't understand it. But this I do know, the girl is a coquette, and has managed to turn Monsieur de Launay's head, a young man who might aspire to a far more beautiful and accomplished creature."

And Madame Perschhof looked approvingly at her buckram daughter.

"Hush!" cried the fat lady; "here he comes."

As she spoke, Edward de Launay approached. Apparently preoccupied by unpleasant reflections, he allowed the gesture of Madame Perschhof to pass unheeded, although that gesture conveyed a direct invitation to the favored gentleman to take a seat next to her daughter; but taking his place at some distance from the rest of the company, he turned silently away, without deigning to cast another look on the fair Madame Perschhof, and thus offended the worthy mamma, who, with some acerbity, asked, "How was it that Monsieur de Launay was not on duty, keeping guard over the lovely Fanny Morpeth?"

"Miss Morpeth does not go out to-day; she has far well."

"Indeed! I think you are wrong. I am almost sure I saw her pass some hours ago."

I learned this from Miss Morpeth herself, in answer to a solicitation on my part to accompany her on an excursion we had planned last evening."

"Is it so? Then you are not the favored one I thought you. Behold!"

And with a glance of triumph, Madame Perschhof pointed to Miss Morpeth, who just then entered the grove mounted on a donkey. She had evidently returned from a long country ramble. Mr. Burns accompanied her on foot. De Launay started up, while his countenance betrayed surprise and mortification.—Miss Morpeth blushed, and, hurrying past, entered the hotel without speaking to any one.—Mr. Burns was about following her, when De Launay seizing him by the arm, begged for a few minutes' conversation. The Englishman instantly assented, and they at once sought the reversion of the neighboring wood. Suddenly De Launay stopped.

"You, doubtless, know my reason for thus seeking a private interview?"

"Perhaps I do."

"You cannot be ignorant that I love, adore Miss Morpeth; that, to certain extent, our affection is mutual; at least so I have every reason to believe, till you arrived here. Since that time her manner has changed; she is no longer the same."

"Your story is well invented, but the theme is old. It won't do. These hidden treasures are a hackneyed subject, which children laugh at now. Try and get up a better, a more probable one."

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